

# THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



# MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, November 30,.....1811.

[NO. 6.

The  
AMIABLE WIFE  
and  
ARTFUL MISTRESS.

*An Extract from SANTO SEBASTIANO, a Novel.*

Not more cruel than unfounded was the suggestion of Alfred's attachment to Mary: it is true, he fondly loves her, but it is with the affection of a brother. Lady Delamore, from the uncommon discretion Mary, upon every occasion, evinced, was induced, when she attained her fourteenth year, to disclose to her the secret (which my mother firmly believed) of her birth, with strict injunctions never to breathe a suspicion of it to any one: and shortly after brought her on a visit here, to introduce her to the equally well-informed St. Orville:—for well knowing their often seeing each other could not well be avoided, and fearing their mutual fascination, she prudently led them to love each other by the near tie of consanguinity. After my dear grandmamma Ashgrove's death, and that I resided entirely at home, I too was introduced to Mary, as my sister; and soon

learned to love her almost as dearly as I do my brother: and, in despite of my father's interdict, I often go to see her, as she is now only a few miles distance from hence; as upon the marriage of miss Spencer, about two years ago, to a man of good fortune, near Lyme, Mrs. Spencer moved her residence to that place. Only for my visits, my beloved sister (for I am incredulous to lord Delamore's assertion, and am, as well as St. Orville, certain Mary is his daughter) would be quite broken-hearted, for she is dejected beyond measure at being so cruelly deprived of the happiness of seeing her beloved benefactress.

'Selina, I have already told you, was easily won by the blandishments of Mrs. Monk: whom, for years, she visited unknown to my mother: and in those secret interviews, her mind was so perverted, and her heart so modelled, that her duty and affection were quite alienated from her incomparable mother, and given, with her whole confidence and interest, to the diabolical mistress of her father. At length, my poor mother obtained the dreadful intelligence of who it was that estranged

the affections of her eldest child from her. Agonising was the horrible information : she entreated, supplicated, implored, and commanded her daughter never to visit Mrs. Monk more ; but in vain. The secret once disclosed, Selina braved the matter out ; triumphed in her disgraceful disobedience ; and now openly visited this mortal foe to her mother ; and to this hour she daily resorts to her, recounting all the occurrences of the castle, and plans and plots with her, to make my mother wretched.

‘ By this unnatural (and surely I may say infamous) attachment to Mrs. Monk, the wily Selina first secured for herself a high place in my deluded father’s affection ; which she has since failed not to improve, by her unwearied blandishments and machinations : so that it is long since it has been firmly believed by all, that she will be sole heiress to my father’s immense personal wealth ; and yet even that belief, nor her personal attractions, ever gained for her a suitor, until sir Charles Stratton, ruined by his thoughtless dissipation, and with a mind careless of domestic happiness, made proposals for her, against the entreaties, nay prayers, of his mother, lady Horatio Fitzroy. But, ‘ lady Selina, or a pistol,’ was his reply ; and he addressed Selina—a woman I have heard him execrate ten thousand times, as a fiend, a diabolical, and every harsh epithet he could think of ; even at the

time he was making desperate love to me. . . . . Nay, start not ; I am not love-stricken by my sister’s elected husband. Oh ! no ; I have but one cousin, who ever endangered my heart ;—not sir Charles Stratton ; but one too tasteless to think of me :—so, thank my stars, my affections are still to be disposed of.

‘ The moment Charles (who was the avowed absolute aversion of Selina) declared himself her lover, she instantly became most desperately enamoured ; and compels him to act the lover in the most glowing colours : and if you have any partiality for the ridiculous, I think you will be amused by Sir Charles’s real or pretended passion. For, you must know, it is his invariable rule to fall in love with every new pretty face he sees ; and the last, in his opinion, is always the most fascinating : so that, when he comes here, should be surprised by the sight of a beautiful new face, expect to see him souse at once into love for it, and making awkward endeavours to conceal from Selina his new admiration.

‘ About myself, I have little to say. I am four years younger than Selina (one cause of her great aversion to me) ; and nearly three my brother’s junior. My grandmother Ashgrove (wholong knew, before my dear mother discovered it, of Selina’s intimacy with the yile Monk), fearing that my hear

should be perverted by pernicious counsel, early begged me from my mother. For two years, I resided totally with grandmamma: but then, upon visiting my mother, and finding lord Delamore made no attempt to introduce me to Mrs. Monk (I suppose, because he knew my volatility would lead me to keep no secret), my grandmother judged it for my happiness not totally to monopolise me, lest, by doing so, she should weaken my mother's affection for me. From that period, therefore, until my dear grandmother's death, I resided six months alternately with lady Ashgrove and at home; my education conducted by a very estimable governess, aided by masters, and under the inspecting eye of my mother and grandmother.

'In this way, too, was Selina educated;—only, without the assistance of grandmamma, who, I may say, almost abhorred my sister. Selina in her turn, even from my birth, conceived a deadly enmity to me: and, ere I was actuated by her conduct to my adored mother, I strangely disliked her. We never, in childhood, coalesced; but, as time went on, and disclosed many secrets to me, my dislike was changed to detestation. Mutual antipathy has increased with our years: and since my beloved Mary was despoiled of my mother's protection, my nominal sister and self rarely exchange even a sentence in a week: for at that time, greatly irritated by my

father's cruelty to poor St Orville (which all sprung from the diabolical malice of Selina, and her coadjutor Monk), in the anguish of my heart, I said to Selina, 'I was sure she was a changeling, and not my mother's child.' Her rage almost amounted to frenzy, and she flung her drawing-box, then in her hand, at me; but luckily it did not reach me: and, since that time, you cannot wonder at my being upon worse terms than ever, with her.

'By being so much with my dear grandmother (who absolutely detested my father), I heard him harshly reprobated, and turned into the strongest ridicule, by my lively aunt Ennerdale; heard him condemned by lord and lady Horatio Fitzroy, with unqualified severity: and, tenderly loving my mother, you will not wonder that resentment for the neglect and unkindness she has experienced took possession of my mind: and, that perpetually hearing him spoken of as I did, should lessen him in my estimation. I hope you will consider this as some mitigation of my failure in veneration for lord Delamore: but St. Orville will not receive it as such; indeed, this is the only thing we ever disagreed about; for his maxim is, 'that others failing in their duties, is no excuse for our doing so.'

'Though my father,' St. Orville always says, 'sometimes forgets his affection for his son, that

son shall never forget his duty to his father.' Nor does he, miss De Clifford; for no one who sees the undeviating sweet, conciliating, and respectful manner of St. Orville to his father, could suspect that father ever had been cruel or unkind to him.

' Not so with me, I am ashamed to say; for seldom can I catch myself treating my father with proper respect. My mother's injuries are ever floating in my mind's eye; and, in a constant state of irritation, I often found my slippant tongue saying saucy things to lord Delamore—nay, sometimes turning him into ridicule—which always extremely displeases my mother with me; and yet I cannot help it; for how can a libertine father be an object of respect to his grown-up offspring? Indeed, until I came down to attend him in his last illness, I firmly believe I hated him.

(To be Concluded next week.)

SELECTED.

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

He said, soon after he had came to his determinatién, he was taking his customary walk, and met an elderly clergyman riding along the road. After the usual salutations, he fell in discourse with him; and was so pleased with what passed between them, that he invited him to dinner, and easily prevail-

ed on him to be his guest for a day or two. During this time Swift found that he was a man of great simplicity of manners, good sense, some learning, and unaffected piety. And upon enquiring into his circumstances, learned that he had only a curacy of forty pounds a year, for the maintainance of a wife and eight children.—Swift lamented his situation, and told him, that he had some interest which he would exert in his behalf and endeavour to procure him a living, if he would only lend him his black mare to carry him to Dublin; for Swift was not, at that time, possessed of a horse. The clergyman readily consented, and went home on foot; promising to meet him at any time he should appoint on his return.—Swift went to town and represented the poor curat's case to his patron in such strong terms, as soon prevailed on him to consent that Swift's living should, upon his resignation, which was proposed at the same time, be made over to him. Nor was this a difficult point to accomplish, as besides motives of humanity, it was for the interest of the patron to accept of an old incumbent of nearly sixty years of age, in the room of a young one of twenty-seven. Swift, having dispatched his business, returned as soon as possible to the country, and gave notice to the old clergyman to meet him. He found him at his door on his arrival, and immediately upon going into the parlour put the presentation into his hand, desiring

him to read it. Swift said, that while he was doing so, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, in which the joy of finding that it was a presentation to a living, was visibly expressed: but when he came to that part of the writing which mentioned the name of the living, and found that it was Swift's own which he had resigned in his favour, he looked at him for some time in silence, with such a mixed emotion of astonishment and gratitude, in his countenance, as presented to Swift one of the most striking pictures of the mind expressed in the face, he had ever seen; and he said that he never before had felt such exquisite pleasure of mind as he did in that hour. Nor is this to be wondered at, since it was the first opportunity he ever had of letting loose that spirit of generosity and benevolence, whose greatness and vigour, when bent up in his own breast by poverty and dependence, served only as an evil spirit to torment him. And when we consider the nature of this action in all its circumstances, that the object of it was the worthy father of a numerous family, for whom it was impossible he could make any provision from so poor an income as he then possessed; that the motive of it was pure, disinterested benevolence, without any alloy, as the man was a stranger to him, and therefore there could be no incentive to it from ties of blood or friendship: that

the gift was such as would brighten the latter days of a well spent life, though hitherto clouded with indigence, and make a whole family happy: and lastly, that this gift was not like that of a wealthy man, who might easily spare it, but the whole visible income Swift possessed for present and future support, the sole means in his power of preserving that independence which he had so long sighed for, and at last with difficulty obtained: it is no wonder, I say, all these circumstances considered, that the great mind of Swift should have exulted in so glorious an opportunity, of paying off at once, the large debt, which, from the narrowness of his circumstances, he had been contracting all his life, to benevolence.

After seeing his successor established in the living, he soon settled his affairs and set out for Dublin in his way to England. The old man, before his departure, pressed him to accept of his black mare, which was the most valuable of his possessions, as a small token of his gratitude: and Swift was too well acquainted with the sensibility of a generous heart, under obligations, to hurt him by a refusal. With about fourscore pounds in his pocket, which was all his worldly wealth, Swift set for England and arrived at Moore-Park in the year 1695, Swift's mind being now perfectly at ease, and Sir William considering his return, with all its circumstances, in the most obliging light, these two

great men lived together to the time of Sir William's death, in the most perfect harmony, and with marks of mutual confidence and esteem. During this space Swift's time was fully and usefully employed. His functions as a clergyman was confined to a private family, but he was regular in the discharge of it, having stated times in the morning and evening for their meeting together at prayers. He took upon himself the office of preceptor to a young lady niece to Sir William Temple, residing in his house, teaching her English, and directing her in a proper course of reading. At the same time Miss Johnson, afterwards so well known by the name of Stella, was a fellow student with the other young lady—Miss Johnson was daughter to Sir William's steward, and was at that time about fourteen years of age, beautiful in her person, and possessed of such fine talents, as made Swift take great delight in cultivating and forming her mind. At this time too, he writ his famous disgressions to be found in the tale of a Tub: and the Battle of the Books, in honor of his great and learned friend.

In the year 1699, Sir William died leaving Swift a legacy, and the care, trust, and advantage, of publishing his posthumous writings.

However bounteous nature had been in bestowing on Swift extraordinary talents, yet they were of

such a kind, as required much time and application to bring them to perfection, and fit them to answer their destined ends. His mind had not been straitlaced into that fashionable shape which seemed most beautiful to the eyes of pedantry, but was suffered to reach its full growth according to the course of nature. Thus did he attain an unusual size, vigour, and ease. He did not enter seriously upon his studies until his understanding was mature; thus all that he read was to some useful end, nor was his memory charged with those important trifles, about which the scholastic world is generally so busy.

His situation at Sir William's was indeed in every respect the happiest that could have been chosen, to prepare his great genius for the complicated parts he was to act in the world, as a writer, as a politician, and as a patriot. From the frequent revisal of Sir William Temple's works, Swift acquired his first lights with regard to propriety and purity of style, which he was afterwards allowed to carry to a greater degree of perfection than any English writer whatsoever.

Let us now accompany Swift into the world, from entering into which he was happily detained till his 31st year. His mind was now stored with a variety of useful knowledge: his understanding had arrived at its utmost maturity

and strength : his fancy was in its prime : and his heart, long filled with the noblest affections towards God and towards man, swelled with impatience for proper opportunities of discharging his duty to both.

Upon the death of Sir William Temple, Swift removed to London, where his first care was to discharge the trust reposed in him, that of publishing a correct edition of Sir William's works. Swift acted in the double capacity of chaplain and private secretary to Lord Berkley while one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

In 1701 the impeachmen of the Earls of Portland and Orford, Lord Somers, and Lord Halifax, by the House of Commons, caused Swift to write his first political tract entitled 'A Discourse of the Contest and dissents in Athens and Rome.' In which he displayed great knowledge in ancient history, as well as skill in the English constitution and the state of parties. In two months time above 11,000 copies of this pamphlet were sold off, seven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland. The tory members in both houses, who spoke, drew all their argument from it : and the resolutions which were printed in the notes, and which would never have passed but for this pamphlet, were little more than quotations from it.

In the beginning of the year 1708 Swift published his argument against abolishing christianity : in which he pursues the same humorous method which was so successfully followed in the Tale of a Tub. Perhaps there never was a richer vein of irony than runs thro' that whole piece : nor could any thing be better calculated to second the general impression made by the Tale of a Tub. About this period he also published A Discourse on Athens and Rome, An Essay on Conversation, and A Project for Reformation of manners.

In 1710 open war was declared between the two parties, Whig and Tory, and raged with the utmost violence. Swift found there was no room for moderating schemes, and according to his own maxim, that a good citizen could not long remain neutral in such a situation of affairs, Swift was to choose his party, and accordingly declared himself in favour of the tories.\*

The writers on both sides had before this taken the field, and at

\* *Swift was educated among the whigs, but at length attached himself to the tories, because the whigs, as he said ; had renounced their old principles, and received others which their forefathers abhorred.*

Whig—"A nick-name given to those who were against the court-interest in the times of King Charles and James 2d, and to such as were for it in the succeeding reigns."

tacked each other with great acrimony. On the whig side were Mr. Addison, Bishop Burnet, Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and many others of less note. On the other side, the chief writers were Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, and Mr. Prior.—They began a weekly paper called the Examiner, which was the joint work of those three celebrated writers, and had published twelve numbers. But as soon as Swift declared himself, they thought all aid to him unnecessary, and the whole conduct of that paper was from that time put into his hands. He entered the field alone, and, with a Samson-like strength, scorned assistance and despised numbers. His power of ridicule was like a flail in his hand, against which there was no fence. Though he industriously concealed his name, yet his friend Addison soon discovered him, and retired prudently from the field of battle leaving the rest exposed to the attacks of this irresistible champion : by whom it must be allowed they were unmercifully handled, till, one after another, they were all laid low. His first paper was published on the second day of November, 1710, No. 13, of the Examiner, which was about a month after his introduction to Mr. Harley : and he continued them without interruption till June 7, 1711, where he dropped it closing with No. 44, and then leaving it to be carried on by other

hands. During this time he lived in the utmost degree of confidence and familiarity, not only with Mr. Harley but the whole ministry.

#### THE OBSERVER,

##### NUMBER VI.

Man considered as a social being, is an interesting one. Good and virtuous men, have ever been highly esteem'd by those who participate the excellence which adorns & dignifies human nature.—Because they judge them the depositaries of useful knowledge, and the transactors of useful deeds. To relieve the oppressed,—assist the necessitous, and instruct the ignorant : has been, and still is, the happy province of some ;—who when deposited in the silent grave, (the house appointed for all living), will have their memory venerated and respected.

But these and others, who by their degeneracy and deep corruption, abandoning and casting away the restraints of right reason, as well as rejecting the benign precepts of religion, give the most unrestrained scope to their passions, under an idea that their chief happiness, consists in the gratification of sensual pleasures.

They affect a soft, delicate and selfish life, and desire no other enjoyments ; supposing that the blessings of virtue and piety are

merely fantastic notions. Too many, alas ! melt away the strength of their constitutions in this furnace of inconsideration, until all public hopes and expectations of usefulness from them, are defeated and disappointed.

The example of such men is not only pernicious, but they even essay to justify their principles ; asserting that life is short, the present moment is all they know or care for, to improve present circumstances, trampling on the tenderest sensibilities, their pride ; such men, deride those sacred institutions which heaven has ordained, vainly imagining that the almighty, cannot possibly condescend to promote his glory by means apparently weak, and by measures in their influence progressive.

Talk with such men, and you will find them despisers of the revelation made us by christianity ;—listen to them, and you will perceive them rejecting the truth of a day of future retribution : ask them a reason for their folly, and you will find them building their happiness on the opinions,—the prejudiced opinions of Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire and the modern Paine :—he who pencil'd out the *Age of Reason*,—more properly stil'd '*the Age of depraved Folly*' retire with them to their closets,—enter into the recess of their bosoms, obtain and avail yourself of their confidence, and you will find

them, like the drunkard, reeling to and fro, fearful, lest their doubts should be too true, and their terrors too well grounded ; shaking like the leaf of the forest, driven by the wind of the tempest, at the solemn conviction of their insignificance and misery.—Then it is, in the secret of retirement, that truth reflects a ray of light on the christian character, and reason admits its superiority.

They are of opinion, that the rules of reason are too severe and rigorous, that they abridge too many of their delights.—The government of sensuality being more subtil and easy,—more indulgent and favourable to their feelings, is esteemed by them, more eligible and desirable.

The design of right reason is not the abandonment of pleasures, but the restricting the use of them in such a manner, as to make them advantageous to our bodies and souls. Reason regulates our enjoyments :—Religion sanctifies them : by these, we enjoy their sweets without remorse, or the pain of guilt.

Where ever the good of pleasure, profit and honor, meet together, and conspire to make the life of a man more comfortable and durable, that is—the rather to be chosen, than a mere transient touch of sensitive pleasure, accompanied by regret, and followed by ruin.

Surely if a set of desperate ruffians should assault noble and excellent travellers on the road : bind and gag, and then rob them : and we see it :—would we not at least feel indignant. Yet propriety we may say, men act so toward their reason, and the best powers and faculties of their minds.

Surely the Dog who seizes the midnight assassin by the throat, does not deserve to be beaten for his fidelity : yet thus do men often impose on their own reasons.—Such actions, are not humane.

We can enjoy no true, no lasting rest,  
While jarring passion's agitate the  
breast ;  
Th' unruly temper beats against the  
heart,  
And bids the light wing'd seraph, peace  
depart.

*From the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe.*

#### ‘O DEAR, IT’S A SQUASH !’

When I was a boy, I confess I had some boyish tricks about me. But tho' mischievous I never was malicious in my sports. It did so happen though that I was once over pursued by one of my companions to go down to the south lots in Applebury to rob a watermelon patch. It was a miserly old fellow's who never gave away one, or I believe I should not have gone. Our intention was to take one a piece, and we thought they never would be missed.

Well, we got safe into the gar-

den : it was dark : and just as Jack whisper'd to me “ I've got one,” the dog barked and away he flew with the prize. Over fences thro' meadows, and briars, we wound our way to avoid detection. What fools ! Jack spoiled his very best breeches, worth all the melons in the garden ; and as for me, I lost one of my shoes in the flight, and broke my shin. I heartily wished the melon patch fairly at Tophet.

We arrived however at our quarters with the prize. The peach that is hardest to be got at, has always the highest flavor, you know so I had no doubt but the melon that had cost us so much trouble must be of superior excellence. We got a candle—dreadful disappointment ! I never shall forget the awful countenance of Jack as he looked alternately at his breeches and his fruit, and exclaimed in the most piteous accents—“ O dear it's a Squash !”

I never was more fully convinced of the truth of the old adage that “ Honesty's the best policy.” We might have bought a dozen melons at half the expence of the shoe and breeches. Or with half the labor of stealing the *squash* we might have earned as many melons as we would both have eaten. We had nothing now but

“ Our labor for our pains,  
And our losses for our gains.”

But this was not the worst of it. Our adventure leaked out and as

ill luck would have it, a parcel of worthless rascals had gone after us, stole all the melons, and cut up the vines. We were found out having been to the garden, pilfering, and all the cunning of Ned Coke the lawyer, could not screen us. In fine, the fellows who did the mischief got clear, and we had to pay the damage.

But the adventure made a lasting impression on my mind. And a thousand occurrences in life bring it to my recollection.

When I see mothers bringing up their daughters to look gay and dress fine, without instilling into their minds the principles of virtue: when I see more pains taken to furnish the outside of the head with laces and combs, than the inside with ideas. I cannot help thinking some doting lover will find, to his sorrow, that instead of a melon "*he has got nothing but a Squash.*"

Parents, listen to old Robert. The education of your daughters is of the very first importance, not only as it regards their own happiness, but as it respects the character of our own country. Your daughters are to be the mothers of the next generation. Among their offspring must our future Washingtons, and Franklins, and Jays, and Hamiltons be found. Can a race of heroes and statesmen—men of vigorous minds and strong constitution, be produced from a pale, weakly, softly mother?

Such were not the mothers of the Grecian Heroes of whom our parson used to tell us,—Make your girls put on another petticoat this will render them healthy. Make them rise early in the morning: this will give them a rosy cheek. Never learn them music till they have learnt to spin. Never teach them to make cake till they can make bread. Never learn them to dance till they have learned grammar. Never give them a silk gown till they can answer, readily all the questions in Geography. Direct their exercise and their studies so that their health may be preserved, and intellectual improvement keep pace with exterior accomplishments.

One thing more as to children: mothers are apt to be too indulgent. Children are apt to cry for cakes and sweet meats. and they have not the discretion to eat only what is sufficient. Now depend on't, that stuffing your children with good things injures their health and very greatly effects their mental perceptions. Dont starve your children, but feed them sparingly on light food: if you wish them to improve give them their breakfast early and make them exercise. A boy will never learn his lesson with a full belly. If you take a contrary course depend on it, at eighteen years you will find your son instead of a melon, "*nothing but a squash.*"

*VARIETY.*  
 ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

Sir

The following letter is copied verbatim from the Original; it was sent to a gentleman, who is manager of a Forge in N. Jersey. I think it may afford some amusement to your readers.

H. C.

In year 1811

I take this opportunity to right to yew to sea if yew dident wont tow good hands fer to work in the forg if yew do sende me A nansur for one fier—I shod like Com right A way

No more at present  
 Gorge H——y

Mr. Editor, The following letter is copied verbatim from the original which was lately found in the street at Newark.

T. L. S.

Decembur 16 i hav in opertinity to let you nothat wear all welthinks beto god for all his marsis ma these lines find you an your semalleys all in the same sisturs and Brothes and fiends ma the lord bles you all sistur an Brother i fell glad that you remmembur hou the lord has bleed and died foryou caul upon him bi figth and bewil he re you and wil sa un toyo c ye ome blessed of mi fathur In herret the kingdum prepareder for you

from the fownd a shun of the worl ma go dgrant et the lord has blest uswith adoughter no mor at pres-ent missur ray wil you git me a good nu ax and i wil cum and se- you on the next satterday if the lord spares me this f rom your frend

To mr williaray  
 I saa c day

At ne w war-k

EXTRACTS FROM LONDON PAPERS.

*Yorkshire Cannibals.*—An advertisement appeared in a paper lately, from Harrow-gate, informing the public that “the proprietors of the inn at that place would charge for *eating each person* visiting their house, only 7s 6d. per day.”

*A Musical Elephant.*—At Mentz there is now exhibited an Elephant of surprising intelligence. The musicians of the theatre (says a Paris paper) gave him a concert. The first piece produced a deep sensation; but a soloon the hora transported him; he was much agitated beat time with his trunk, and accompanied the instrument with certain sounds.

A lady at Margate has been presented with a lap dog in whose ears was a pair of dimond ear rings! Such is the refinement of folly.

It seems that a marrage is soon to be solemnized between Mr.

Martin, son of the member of Galway, and Miss Saville, who brings him a fortune of 50,000 pounds. Of all the feathered race, the *note* of the *Martin* will then surely be the sweetest!

*Precious Manuscripts.*—Among MSS. of the Oriental Library of Monte Calino, which may be considered as the cradle of science and letters, after the barbarism which followed the destruction of the Roman empire there has just been found a Greek MS. of Apollonius Evander, the nephew of Apollonius of Rhodes.—Among other important objects which this MS. contains, is a very detailed account of the eruption of Vesuvius in the reign of Titus.

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MORE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Getting out of a warm bed at 12 at night in the pleasant month of February, on an alarm of fire, and after running near a mile, discover it to be a *false alarm*!

*Another.*—Having handsomely cleaned the only pair of Boots, you are in possession of, to be ready for a party of pleasure, early the next day, leaving your boots till the last thing: and owing to the rottenness of the leather, and Nature having blessed you with a *long heel* make out to thrust it through the calf.—Company waiting—*can't go*.

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LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, November 30, 1811.

“Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the times.

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*The City Inspector reports the death of 32 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week, ending on the 23d inst.*

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F I R E S.

On Friday morning the 22d inst. about 5 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the livery stable of Mr. Jones at Powles-Hook, which, with his dwelling house and the bakery of Mr. Hedge, were consumed.—There were 40 horses in the stables 33 of which perished. It is believed this fire originated in design, as an attempt to fire the same buildings was recently made by some yet unknown incendiary.

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NEW-HAVEN, Nov. 21.

We learn, that on Monday last, the dwelling house of Mr. Jehiel Clark, of Oyster River, together with all its contents, was consumed by fire. And what must add to his sufferings, is, that a child of his, about five years old, perished in the flames.

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From the Evening Post.

*Destruction of Batavia.*—By the arrival at Philadelphia of the ship, *Cordeila*, from the Isle of France, we learn that the city of Batavia has been burnt by the French, and that the inhabitants had fled to the mountains. Batavia was formerly the capital of the Dutch possessions in India and was taken from them by the French. The British had now blockaded the port; and to prevent the city from falling into their hands it was set on fire and destroyed,

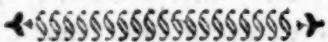
[It is supposed the city of Batavia, including its suburbs, contained 400,000 inhabitants.]

**DROWNED**—In Sisal Roads on the 22d Sept. by the upsetting of a boat, Mr. Freeman Eldridge, aged 26 years, of Chatham, (Mass.) and second mate of the schooner Amaranth, Capt. Green of Boston.

On the morning of the 15th of October a fire broke out of College, Cambridge, England; which consumed one side of the quadrangle, called the founder's range, in which were the Fellows Room. No lives were lost, and most of the property saved.

#### FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A pamphlet, entitled, *Truth, in Simplicity, or, a pursuit after her*.—Being reflections on hearing a Sermon, on Universal Salvation. Lately preached in this city.



#### Married.

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Bishop Hobert, Dr. Benjamin Prince to Miss Margaret Eckert, all of this city.

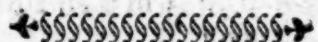
On Sunday last, by the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. W. P. Dougal, to Mrs Martha Conroy, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. M'Neice, Captain Edward Furlong, to Miss Catharine Hoff, both of this city.

On Thursday evening by Dr. Miller James Honeywell, to Miss Eliza M. Coy, of Newark.

At Albany, Capt. Samuel Wewall to Miss Henrietta E. Delius.

At Rippou Dodge, John Augustine Washington, esq. to Miss Jane Charlotte Blackburn, eldest daughter of the late Major Richard S. Blackburn.



#### Died.

At Poughkeepsie, the 20th inst. aged 32 years, Mrs. Elizabeth Livingston, the wife of the Hon. Henry A. Livingston, of that place. Their infant son 11 weeks old, expired a short time before its mother. The same mansion of death contained the spotless pair.

On Friday last, after a few days illness, Mr. Mathew Reed, tallow chandler, aged 55—a most benevolent and worthy character.

On Thursday evening, Mr. John Inglesby, merchant taylor, aged 41 years, much lamented. He was built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets—Jesus Christ himself being the Chief corner Stone. He was a preacher of the kingdom of God, and taught those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, in which he rejoiced and had no confidence in the flesh.

At Newark, on Thursday the 21st inst. Mrs. Hugget, wife of the late Sigismund Hugget.

At New Rochelle, on Thursday the 21st inst. in the 84th year of his age, Mr. Elias Guton, an old and respectable inhabitant of said town.

At Flat Bush, Long Island, after a lingering illness, Mr. Joseph Barrett, of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, after a short illness, Mr. Abel Hall, jun. aged 22 years.



*"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

How sweet when the bustle of day has past o'er,  
To wander along by the sea beaten shore,  
To recline on the arm of the friend I esteem,  
While time rapid flies like a tale or a dream.  
And thus as we're strolling, together a long,  
My bosom beats high, but Ah ! silent my tongue,  
While I ~~am~~ worth & merit engages my heart,  
I dare not confess,—but must suffer the smart.  
His person is modest—serene is his brow;  
His converse instructing, nor trifling nor low;  
His eye is expressive, so sweet, is his smile,  
He steals my affections,—my fancy beguiles.  
Ah ! would he confess, & soon freely declare,  
That his heart beat for me but repulsion he fear'd,  
I'd prudently answer, Oh ! might I believe ;  
I'd return the soft passion, the passion, of love.

ELLEN

#### THE WORLD.

The world's a tiresome wilderness,  
Affliction keen, & sore distress,  
Attend as while we sojourn here,  
With darkness, doubt, and anxious fear ;  
Sickness & sorrow joy & pain.  
Alternate, follow in their train.

The poor unthinking giddy youth,  
Who headless throws away the truth,  
Expects to find continual joy,  
And pleasures true, without alloy,  
Till by experience better taught,  
And after dearly—dearly bought.

Just like the smooth but faithless sea,  
A striking picture "world of thee",  
Allures the Ploughman from the fields ;  
To the false waves his life he yeilds,  
He leaves his own dear native wilds  
Entic'd by thy deceitful smiles.

Abandons his sure, and peaceful home,  
Far, o'er the world his feet would roam,  
He bids adieu, to rural shore ;  
He leaves it.—and returns no more.

While the unruffled sea appears,  
And the calm heavens his spirit cheers ;  
Sated with hopes & happy schemes,  
"He of a storm but little dreams;"  
But soon, & e're the tempest raves,  
He shudders at the troubled waves.  
Tis now, he wishes he'd been wise,  
But ah ! too late.—"He sinks & dies."

Vain world, how hapless, sure are they,  
Who could thy smiles, thy voice obey,  
They'll find alas perhap's too late ;  
Thy joys are all a painted cheat.

"Tis grace alone, can cure our ills"  
Direct and regulate our wills,  
Can sweeten life with all its cares ;  
Protect us safe, from threat'ning snares.

EZRON.

The following stanzas are the production of Thomas Scott, of Dromore, Ireland; they appeared in the Irish and English prints over his well known signature *Hafiz.*

#### THE WRECK-PIRATE.

Is there a heart, enshrin'd in human form,  
That feels no pity for a seaman's woe's !  
Whom, 'mid the perils of the raging storm,  
Chance safe on shore, his efforts fav'ring throws ?  
Yes, there are miscreants, sad experience shows,  
So base, abandon'd, lost to all that's good,  
Who, when the furious wint'ry tempest blows,  
Watch with a tiger-eye, the raging flood !  
Eager for plunder as the brute for blood—  
Miscreants, who, in the horrors of the night,  
(More savage then the prowler of the wood,)   
Raise on the rocky beach the treacherous light !  
To cheat the mariner's bewilder'd sight,  
As tossing o'er the tide his vessel reels :  
And, when the lure, succeeds, the full delight,  
Of heliish mischief each dark villain feels—  
On rapine bent—on murder too, if need,  
To give a deeper dye to the nefarious deed !

#### LET ME HUSH THY TENDER TEARS.

By Miss Owenson,

O let me hush thy tender fears  
That prophecy our loves decay,  
And kiss away those stealing tears,  
That all my timid doubts betray ;  
For tho' the wing of each fleet hour

Should brush some honey charm away,  
Yet fear not love to lose thy power,  
The soul that won can ne'er decay ;  
Still glowing on thy cheek I'll find  
The lingering blush of passions dye.  
And beaming from thy kindling mind  
A ray still bright'ning in thine eye.

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